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GREENSBORO, N. C., JUNE 30, 1860.

[WHOLE NO. 230.]

### The Orphans of Yorkshire.

Three youthful hearts beat bravely,  
Around the same dear hearth—  
And two fond parents look'd with love,  
Upon their children's birth;  
For never parents lov'd so well  
As those within the quiet dell,  
Of olden Yorkshire.

But time in hasty flight sped on,  
No more the children play'd;  
For both the parents of their home,  
Were in the cold dust laid.  
Then came sorrows, then came tears,  
Fondles' nights and countless fears,  
To the babes of Yorkshire.

The time the world before them lay,  
With all its wealth and pride;  
But then, they wou'd no part of it—  
After their parents' death—  
And without gold or house or lands,  
With nothing but their hearts and hands,  
They went into the world.

All little rock the busy throng,  
Of the orphan's pain or care;  
And oft it seem'd that heav'n is deaf,  
To the orphan's prayer;  
So thick the clouds that always rise,  
To crush the hopes and cloud the skies,  
In a lone orphan's life.

Misfortune's blast destroyed the flower,  
That droop'd with fairest grace;  
And death with his grimest look,  
Did settle on the face—  
Yes, on the face of young Elmore,  
Whom on the earth we can know no more,  
As long as time shall last.

O thine, little Elmore!  
When we have yet see no more,  
Weeping child of grief and sorrow,  
Well it is that each tomorrow,  
Finds thee still the same Elmore;  
Changeless now for evermore.

Another struggled long and well,  
But misfortune's cruel dart,  
Cruel'd every ray of hope and joy,  
And broke his youthful heart;  
So he did fall, as falls a tree,  
When night is dark as night can be,  
And winds are raging high.

O young Alfred! noble Alfred!  
We weep and mourn that thou art dead;  
For fires of genius lit thine eye,  
And we never dream'd that thou couldst die,  
Or that thou, with spirit strong and brave,  
Wouldest sink from grief into the grave.

One, only one, of all the band,  
Laughed at misfortune's frown,  
And so to his brave, noble end,  
The son did ne'er go down;  
For night to him was ne'er so dark,  
But that he saw some little spark,  
To light him on his way.

Frederick, thy work was nobly done,  
And Britain lands thee as her own.  
Thine is a wealth of civil fame,  
And thine an ever-lasting name.  
Peace be the blessing victors give,  
The truly great shall always live.

Nevertheless, the cause they espoused, as is the case with every thing novel, adventurous or wicked always found numerous and powerful advocates, including women, men and boys as general divisions, to be again subdivided into empy janes, vagabonds and blackguards, as specific representatives of one lead ing idea, among t in inextricable confusion of ideas—all tending to wild theories, monstrous delusions and impracticable aims.—

Of such material was the Gotham Hall Convention, which we are now to sketch, composed, and it will be seen in the sequel, that in accordance with general laws of cause and effect, it very naturally broke up in a row.

The great day of assembling arrived. Delegates appeared from all quarters, in full strength, each intent upon the advancement of the peculiar interests or caprices of his individual constituents. In general, and his individual self in particular. Free lovers and Free Soilers, Prize Fighters, Spirit Rappers, and Mesmerizers, Fortune tellers, Astrologers, Psychologists, Woman's Rights advocates, Freedom strikers, Agrarians, and Amalgamationists, Moralists, Millenarists, Whigs, Democrats, Republicans, of all hues, Infidels and Free thinkers, religious and political of all shades of faith and doctrine—all came together promiscuously to mingle in the great strife for notoriety, and to make fools of themselves and their neighbors.

The Convention having been called to order, On motion, Dr. J. Giddings Smith, of the Barnumville Psychological College, the Hon. Beecher Stowe Plunkins, was called to the chair, and Hon. John Smith Barnum, Hon. C. Sumner O'Case, General Phineas Burlingame and Col. Theophilus Poppinjay were requested to act as secretaries. A list of one hundred and forty nine Vice Presidents unnecessary to be enumerated here but composed of all the most influential and wealthy of the delegates, both represented and unrepresented in the Convention, was then read to the assembly.

The Convention having then been fully organized for business, was opened with a very fervent and impressive prayer by Rev. F. Douglas Jones, agent of the Board of Missions among the colored sons and daughters of Bondage in the Southern States. A beautiful anthem, "Come all ye friends of freedom," was then sung with great spirit by the skillful choir of the "Woman's Rights Harmonic Association." At the request of the President, the Recording Secretary in-chief read in an inaudible tone, the proceedings of the previous convention (which for the sake of greater accuracy, we will quote from the official minutes) which were approved and ordered to be published in "the Universal Reformer" the accredited organ of the convention.

#### MINUTES OF LAST CONVENTION.

"The Convention met at Barnumville on 4th July last, and was organized in due form. On motion of Hon. Beecher Stowe Plunkins, the Hon. John Smith Barnum, was called to the chair as President of the Convention, and Rev. Fred. Douglas Jones, W. Brigham, Esq., Dr. Seward Barnum, General W. Greely Stowe and Professor J. Giddings Smith requested to act as Secretaries.

After nine ineffectual ballots, the Hon. Phineas Burlingame, Delegate from "The Knights of Chivalry" was elected Sergeant at Arms and Messenger of the Convention. The Convention being fully organized proceeded to the consideration of business. The Delegates present having enrolled their names and presented their credentials to the Secretary, business was taken up in the following order:

Hon. Beecher Stowe Plunkins presented the application of the "Universal Emancipation Society" praying to be admitted into full union with the Convention.

General W. Brigham presented the petition of several Ladies and Gentlemen of Salt Lake City praying aid for a Mormon Female College.

Dr. J. Giddings Smith, the application of the Colonization Society of Lake Ontario for admission to the Convention—also similar applications from the following Associations:

The Society for the amelioration of the condition of mankind in general.

Woman's Rights Confederation of New England. Anti-Slavery League of New York. Spiritual Rapping Institutes of Massachusetts. Dr. Seward Barnum presented similar applications from the following:

The Trustees and Students of Barnumville Female College. Daughters of Freedom of the valley of the Ohio. Millite Ascension Brotherhood. Mesmeric League. Psychological Society of Canada West. Disciples of Mammon.

Rev. Fred. Douglas Jones presented the application of the Black Republican Brotherhood. Free-love association of the Northern United States. Col. Theophilus Poppinjay presented the applications of Young American Lodge No. 7 Independent Order of Lozy Fellows. Fathers of Intemperance. Whiskey Division No. 10, Sons of Beelchus. New York Section No. 2—Cadets of Satan. Bean Brummed Association of Philadelphia. Daily Jack Club of Cincinnati.

The Convention was addressed during the session by the Hon. Beecher Stowe Plunkins, Hon. Zachariah De Boonville, Gen. Brigham, Rev. Fred. Douglas Jones, Hon. C. Sumner O'Case, Gen. Burlingame and others, with great eloquence and power.

After an interesting session, which was concluded Sunday, the Convention adjourned.

J. SMITH BARNUM, President.  
F. Douglas Jones, Sec. &c. &c. Secs.

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for the office of Sergeant at Arms which having been made an office of considerable profit in the way of pickings and stealings (or, as technically termed "perquisites.") had become a field for very energetic competition among the honorable delegates. The names of twenty seven candidates were proposed, but as it was not expected that the majority of them would be voted for at all except by themselves, from personal considerations—a large number were withdrawn before the balloting commenced, leaving the field to some eight or ten of the most generous hearted who were willing to give du-bills in advance to be paid out of the salary, in settlement of any claims which might be presented after the election from their constituents and friends.

Tellers having been appointed and the first ballot concluded—the Secretaries were requested to announce the result of it, which was done as follows:

#### FIRST BALLOT.

Hon. B. S. Plunkins 5; Z. De Boonville 2; Dr. Seward Barnum 2; Hon. C. S. O'Case 2; Dr. J. G. Smith 2; Rev. F. D. Jones 2; Gen. Phineas Burlingame 1; scattering 1; necessary to a choice 16.

There not being a constitutional majority, there was consequently no election.

The Convention then proceeded to a second, third, fourth and fifth ballot, with no better prospect of success.

During this period, electioneering ran high. bets were freely offered and taken, and bid-for votes liberally circulated and responded to in a similar spirit. It was a very close contest, and it became at length evident that neither of the competitors already in the field could be elected.

The electors now discussed the policy of bringing into the arena a "novus homo," after the approved modern fashion of "Compromise" (?) and accordingly, the popular and graceful Major Theophilus Wilnot Poppinjay, was nominated and received five votes on the sixth ballot.

On the seventh ballot being ordered, the friends of Messrs. O'Case, Smith and Burlingame announced that their candidates had withdrawn, leaving the game to be decided between the remaining contestants. At the conclusion of this ballot, Major Poppinjay whose stock had been gradually rising, and was now above par, having received the required majority, was declared duly elected, and was immediately installed as Sergeant-at-Arms and Messenger of the convention, for the present session. So vociferous were the expressions of congratulation at the result, that it was impossible for some time to preserve order, while the newly elected official with a bursting heart

and tearstreaming down his manly cheeks, acknowledged his deep sense of the value and propriety of the compliment just tendered to him, in the following affecting oration:

Mr. President and gentlemen:—Words are inadequate to convey to you the most remote idea of the weight of gratitude which rests upon my heart at this moment. To be chosen with such unanimity by a body of men so enlightened, patriotic and public spirited to an office so important, honorable and profitable, is a distinction which may well be coveted by any one in this assembly. But, sir, my utterance would fall me, were I to attempt to speak my feelings on this occasion—and I therefore refrain. I can only say to you that I will endeavor to prove to you the wisdom of your choice, by striving to deserve your partiality. And be assured that all that I am, and all that I have and all that I ever expect to have I am ready to consecrate to the service of my country. In the discharge of the responsible duties of the position to which I have become elevated by your suffrages, I shall endeavor to act according to the dictates of my best judgment—and whatever errors I may commit, I trust they will be considered as errors of the head and not of the heart. With this brief explanation of my position I again thank you, Gentlemen, for your kind consideration, and wish you a pleasant and safe return to your homes, when your present deliberations shall have ended.

This sublime effort, which, had it lacked all other requisites, possessed the rare quality of brevity, was most rapturously applauded, and none present could but acknowledge that there was but one higher position to which the speaker could be exalted, and which he would have filled with still more grace!

The convention being now fully organized, proceeded to take up the unfinished business of the preceding session—there being always more of that kind of business than any other, awaiting its action. A formidable budget of Memorials lying upon the Secretary's desk, was ordered to be opened and read; After which each Delegate who felt interested for his constituents was allowed to make a ten minutes speech upon his peculiar hobby, if not previously interrupted by such demonstrations of applause or disapprobation, as the sovereign people, and their representatives consider themselves privileged to make, when something is said or done which runs either parallel or counter to their predilections.

Among other subjects of very general interest, to which these Memorials had reference, was one presented at the last Session by the venerable and distinguished President of the Convention. From respect to his age and eminent services in the cause, the Memorial from the "Female National Universal Emancipation Society," was after some discussion made the order of the day, though not in the precise order of the Calendar. This first departure from prescribed form's forbade trouble in the wigwam, and proved the signal for an equally liberal repudiation of all those time honored rules of order and decorum which are by some supposed to govern legislative bodies.

After warmly endorsing the objects of the memorial, and the laudable motives of its framers, the worthy official announced that its subject matter was now open for general discussion.

Professor John Brown, Jr., of Brownville Female University rose to ask that the debate might be suspended, in order to enable him to offer a Resolution inviting the Hon. Mademoiselle Theodora Parker Beecher Greenfield, a distinguished alumnus of the University, corresponding secretary of the "Independent Woman's Rights Union," and Vice Regent of the "Young Ladies Benevolent Asylum for Insane Women," to "a seat on the floor of the Convention. Leave having been granted, the invitation was extended, and in the bustle and confusion which ensued, came very near being literally accepted, by the gratified recipient of this extraordinary mark of consideration!

Hon. J. Ossawatimie Cook then rose to address the Convention, on the subject of the Memorial. He had been for many years, Financial Secretary of the Universal Emancipation Society by special appointment of the generous ladies composing it, and knew its inestimable value and influence. He had been dili-

gently engaged, in endeavoring to add to its already extensive Permanent Fund, in order that its benevolent operations might be more widely extended. He alluded in glowing terms to the blessings of Liberty, quoted from the Declaration of Independence, the ambiguous assertion that "all men are born free and equal,"—spoke of the struggles of Greece for her rights, the Trojan horse, and "Dido on the funeral pile;" and "in one of the most remarkable perorations to which it has ever been our favored lot to listen [so the talented editor of "The Liberty Pole, and Vine-lester of Human Rights," remarked the next day in his "wildly circulated journal"] he electrified the assembly with an unanswerable appeal in behalf of "the oppressed of every clime and nation under the canopy of the sky." He intimated his firm trust in Providence, that the day would soon come, when every slave in the land (except the white slaves of the North!) would stand up in all the majesty and tomfoolery of a free, independent, black faced republican citizen of this glorious Republic! He was repeatedly interrupted by outrageous bursts of applause, and after an impassioned harangue of an hour and a half, without being called to order by the chair, sunk down in his seat, covered with laurels and perspiration.

Some two or three dozen members more joined in a stormy struggle for the floor, and after considerable confusion, during which the chair called out in vain for the sergeant-at-arms, who was drunk in a neighboring restaurant—none of the contestants obtained a hearing—and all were peremptorily ordered to take their seats.

The Memorial having been sufficiently discussed, was voted to be in harmony with the feelings of the brethren assembled, and the Society was duly received into union with the convention.

The next business in order was the petition of the "Ecclesiastical Reform Brotherhood," for the promotion of Religious Liberty, Freedom of Speech, and Latitude of Opinion in Doctrinal matters," asking aid from the Convention in the publication of a series of Tracts based upon an old standard work entitled "The Age of Reason" and adapted to the wants and tastes of the rising generation—Rev. F. Douglas Jones, delegate from this Association—addressed the Convention at some length, in favor of this public spirited enterprise, giving a graphic picture of the important results which might be expected to accrue to posterity, through the distribution of this species of literature. He was followed by General James Greely Parsons, in an eloquent speech, seconding his noble effort in behalf of religion and virtue. The discussion was continued by Rev. Beecher Ward Voltaire Giddings, D. D., Rector of St. Valentine's Chapel, and Professor of Moral Science, Profane History and Systematic Theology, in the Barnumville Theological Seminary; also by Hon. Sylvester Barnabas Plunkins, Ex-Mayor of Sherry-cobber-ville, and standing candidate for Judge of the County Court, Ordinary and Tax Collector,—also by several gentlemen of the clerical and legal profession from various sections of the country.

Dr. J. Giddings Smith presented the application of the Trustees of the Barnumville Psychological College asking aid in the establishment of a new Professorship of Mesmerism, Astrology, Phrenology and Clairvoyance. He remarked briefly that these noble branches of Science had reached a position of prominence which entitled it to a representation among the higher order of sciences, and that it was the desire of the Trustees to have it permanently introduced into the Institution.

Professor Fox of the same Institution offered an Amendment adding to the studies of the Professorship, the "Theory and Practice of Spiritualism,—Fortune-telling and Table rapping."

Dr. Astrologus Spiritani, (from the Italian Academy of Learned Sciences) Resident Physician at the University, seconded the amendment, which was carried by a large majority.

Professor Von Hamburg, formerly of the Holland Academy of Fine Arts, Dr. McFlintsey of the Edinburgh Scientific Association and Hon. Patrick O. Murphy, of the Killarney Harmonic Union, also spoke eloquently and briefly on the amendment.

General Absalom Gerritt, editor of "The Spirit Rapper, a monthly journal, devoted to the advancement of these noble sciences, ex-

### GOTHAM HALL, OR The Age of Progress.

A Chapter in the History of the Times.

BY EDWIN HERRIOTT.

THE Great Metropolis was in a ferment of excitement—preparations were in active progress for a grand rally of the Wise men of Gotham, the foolish women of Bedlam, and the wise acres and charlatans of Yankeeedom at large. The hall selected for their discussions was one sacred to the Goddesses of Liberty and Reform and large enough to accommodate comfortably all the reformers and speculators, the loafers and loungers, the schemers and mischief makers of the surrounding country. It was the anniversary of some event in the history of the present "age of progress," and the patriotic crew were about to assemble to commemorate its annual return with speeches and festivities, fuss and feathers, bonnets and illuminations.

Gotham Hall was, on these gala occasions, a scene of wild confusion, tumult and disorder. Indeed, with such innumerable discordant elements combined ostensibly to carry out one great purpose, but really and practically for selfish individual aggrandizement, it is no wonder that the Gotham Hall conventions, like all others of their peculiar Class always carried within themselves, the seeds of their own dissolution and destruction.





"The undaunted Colonel here raised his stentorian voice louder and louder, to meet the emergency."

hibited a specimen number of his ably conducted journal for the inspection of the members, and made a very handsome speech in its behalf, modestly setting forth the extraordinary tact and ability displayed in its management, and its claims upon the liberality of the friends of Improvement and Reform.

On motion of Dr. Seward Barnum, President of Barnumville Female College, the Convention immediately subscribed for five copies!

Subscription papers were circulated among the delegates for the New Underground Railroad between Harper's Ferry and Lake Champlain, and eloquent addresses in behalf of this public spirited undertaking were made by Messrs. Gerritt, Giddington, Flunkins, O'Case, Cook, Brown, F. Douglass Jones, and other prominent Directors of the Road—which did not appear to command much attention.

The petition of the "National Woman's Rights Association," praying aid in the purchase of a hall for debates and social gatherings, which had been made the order of the day for 1 o'clock, p. m., was now taken up for consideration.

The gallant and accomplished Colonel Lucius Stone Poppinjay, (brother of Theophilus) one of the Stewards of the Eden Free Love Association—had been selected as the organ of the patriotic ladies on this occasion; and opened with a powerful appeal in behalf of their peculiar claims upon the courtesy and attention of the stronger sex. "Woman," he said, "was Heaven's last, best gift to man," and her influence is felt throughout the length and breadth of the universe. He pictured in glowing terms, the nobleness of Woman's nature, and was proceeding to affirm that "where courage, firmness and fidelity were required, one woman was worth two dozen men," when the graceful advocate of Woman's Rights was suddenly interrupted by horrid outlandish groans and murmurs from the lower part of the Hall, accompanied with loud cries of "No! no! she is not," "no such thing," "You lie!" "You're no judge," &c. The undaunted Colonel here raised his stentorian voice louder and louder to meet the emergency, and took occasion to reprove sharply the authors of the interruption in very decided terms, when deafening shouts of "He's a liar," "turn him out," "fling him!" ruffled the equanimity of the brave knight to such a degree that, in the midst of one of his highest flights of eloquence he was compelled to sit down, after denouncing the majority of the assembly as "a set of ragamuffins, fools and ignoramuses!"

After some confusion, order was again restored, and a portion of the offenders had the tables turned upon them by being forcibly put out of the Hall. On motion of the young and handsome Lieutenant R. Sumner Burlingame "Noble-Grand of Sumner Lodge, Independent Order of the Knights of Chivalry," seconded by Captain Brigham of the "Scuffletown Hussars" the Treasurer was instructed to pay over to the ladies, "the balance remaining in his hands after defraying the expenses of the Convention!"

Loud calls were now heard from all parts of the Hall for Burlingame, O'Case, Flunkins, McIlmosey, Brigham, Barnum, Poppinjay, Fox, Gerritt, Giddington Von Homburg, Spiritani, Mesmeriatowski, and other popular orators who addressed the Convention in succession on the amelioration of the condition of mankind in general and Woman kind in particular.

There being a large number of Memorials and other matters of legislative business still on the unfinished Docket, the consideration of many of them was postponed to the next session.

The Convention then proceeded to the last and most important business of the present term, which was the imposition of a pro rata assessment upon each member present, for the purpose of raising a fund to carry out the appropriations which had been made towards the various benevolent objects laid before them. This was the signal for indecipherable confusion and murmuring—some raising objections—others protesting vehemently—and the bulk of the assembly preparing in hot haste for a speedy flight from the Hall. In the hurry of doing so, lights were extinguished—significant glances and hard words exchanged—little boys ran over—and comedies enacted which would have been worthy of a place on the boards of any of our best Theatres, as at present conducted. Amid the din and discord the majestic looking presiding officer Honorable Beecher Stowe Flunkins, J.L.D., (to whom the meeting had forgotten to return the usual vote of thanks "for the dignity, suavity and impartiality with which he had presided

over their deliberations,") rose to express his gratification at the harmony and good feeling which characterized the discussion, when he was saluted with a volley of rotten eggs, from some disaffected spirit in the crowd, which he successfully dodged, and then brought his remarks to an abrupt close. Scores of members now scuffled for the floor in rapid succession, and with fearful gestures and withering looks, strove in vain to address the chair in the face of cries of "down therein front," "turn him out," "give him a salute," "shut him fly-trap," "knock him in the head," "poke his snout," and similar significant expressions denoting that "the sovereign people" were indisposed to prolong the session farther than the mere disposition of "material aid" on paper, and were edging towards the conclusion, that "there was a good deal of lambing in the whole thing!" The last proposition before the Convention being of a more decidedly practical nature than any which had preceded it, "had been sprung upon them unawares," and they were unprepared for the sacrifice. The "Vox populi" prevailed over the oratorical flourishes of the biggest of the "big guns," who were unable to make themselves heard farther on any subject, and especially the particular topic which had caused the Convention to "break up in a row."

The venerable President had prepared a long speech, thanking the Convention for their courtesy, towards himself, and the good order and harmony which he had expected, would prevail—but was debarred from its delivery by the course which things had taken—as well as some misgivings as to the appropriateness of the remarks he had committed to memory. The "Gotham Daily Intelligence and Compendium of Literature and Science" contained next day, together with a full account of the proceedings the following "Card," which significantly expresses the sentiments of this dignified functionary as well as that of every right-minded man, woman and child in the whole country on the subject of the "Reform Conventions" of the present day.

"A CARD.—The undersigned respectfully begs leave to define his position before his fellow citizens, on the subject of the Convention just adjourned in this City, in which it was his lot to act a conspicuous part. Called by the unanimous voice of so many brethren from all portions of the country, to preside over its deliberations, he had anticipated enjoying the privilege of congratulating them on the harmony and good order which he anticipated would characterize their proceedings. But the sequel has proved that with the infusion of so many discordant elements into the organization of a body professedly devoted to the promotion of Reform and Progress—it is vain to look for harmonious action, or indeed for any good result—such as might be expected to grow out of the spontaneous and unanimous expression of the voice of a free and independent people. Instead of every man sacrificing all for the general good, it was emphatically 'every man for himself' and 'the devil take the hindmost.' Instead of adjourning in good order and decorum with high hopes and brave hearts, the whole concern has—broken up in a row (I) with clenched fists and hallooing like a pack of Yahoos! Sympathizing, fully and earnestly in the aims and objects of the Convention, and proud of the illustrious name he bears with so much credit to his family and ancestry—a name identified with the cause of Liberty and Reform—in this great Country—the undersigned at first felt grateful for the high honor conferred upon him. But looking back calmly to the extraordinary scenes of yesterday, he has come to the deliberate conclusion that 'all is not gold that glitters,'—and were it not for the fear of offending many of his friends and clients and active supporters, in the coming Canvass for the Mayoralty of Flunkinsville, he would be tempted forthwith to withdraw from all Association with such a set of lawless ruffians. He would most fervently pray that whatever future honors and emoluments may be unworthily bestowed upon him by a grateful constituency, he may never again be called upon to preside over a *Humbly Convention!*"

To the "Card" was appended the suggestive title and name of the "Honorable Beecher Stowe Flunkins, Ex-President of the late Gotham Hall Convention," and candidate for Mayor of the town of Flunkinsville.

So ends one of the chapters in the eventful history of the renowned Gotham Hall.

The President sent in a message to Congress on Saturday, vetoing the Homestead bill passed by that body, on the ground that it is unconstitutional.

#### Loss of A Government Steamer. TWENTY OF THE CREW DROWNED—NARRATIVE OF A SURVIVOR.

The U. S. coast survey steamer Walker, Lieut. Guthrie, which left Norfolk, Va., on the 19th inst., for N. York, collided with a schooner on Thursday, about 2½ o'clock in the morning, off Absecon, N. J., and in nine miles of shore. Nineteen of the crew were drowned. The statement of Chas. Clifford, the quartermaster, gives the following account of the disaster:

At the time of the collision Lieutenant J. A. Seawell, the executive officer, was on the watch. It was about quarter past two in the morning. We saw the schooner ahead, coming before the wind, and put the helm hard aport to clear her. The schooner was close ahead of us. The lights of both vessels were burning clear. The atmosphere was cloudy, and the wind blowing fresh from the northeast. As they approached nearer and nearer there was ample room for passage for both, and no danger of contact, when, as the distance between them was half a cable length, the schooner jibed from her course, and a terrific shock shook both vessels with a violence that dashed the men to the decks. The crash struck the cutter on her first forward guards, and with a force that made her masts vibrate like a carriage whip. It stayed the port waist board, and broke a gaping hole in the bulwarks, at the same time knocking off a plate below the water line. In an instant there ensued a recoil, while the gale, howling among the cordage, and the wild dashing of the water, all made up a scene that, added to the darkness of the night, must have been terrible indeed. A mountain wave again took up the schooner, and hurling her aloft, again she descended upon the ill-fated cutter. The bows of the schooner smashed in the cutter's paddle-box, cutting another open space in the side of the schooner.

Getting clear of the schooner, we worked ahead, but found the Walker was sinking; cut away her mainmast, booms, and got everything movable on deck, to make a raft for the men. Everybody cool, and the officers behaving with great presence of mind. Lowered both starboard boats and dropped them astern for use when the vessel went down. Two of the boats were stove by the schooner, leaving only two others, not of sufficient capacity to take all hands. Mrs. Seawell, wife of the first officer, who was on board, the sick, and such other officers of the crew who were considered most incapable of taking care of themselves, were put into the boat. By the time the limited arrangements were made, the steamer had become so full of water that the order was given for the lines from the steamer to the boats to be cut away.

By this time every soul was on deck except those who may have been killed or injured by the collision, and a sick man on board, nearly seventy years of age, almost helpless, had been carefully lifted out and put in one of the boats. All was orderly. The men stayed by the steamer until she was sinking, and then, without confusion, such of them as could look to the boats. Many of the crew went down with the steamer, however, clinging to the spars and portions of the wreck, and expected to be saved in that way. The captain stayed on board until the steamer went down, and just before she disappeared from sight jumped into the water, and was picked up by one of the boats. A heavy sea was running, and many of the men were doubtless washed off the spars and drowned from the mere exhaustion of holding on, while others were killed or stunned on rising to the surface, by concussion with spars and other parts of the wreck.

The steamer had entirely sunk from sight in thirty minutes after the collision. Many of the crew were rescued by the boats, in which were about forty-four persons, and they were turned picked up by the schooner R. G. Porter, Capt. S. S. Hudson. He did nobly, keeping his vessel about the spot where the wreck went down until two o'clock in the day, and using every endeavor to render us comfortable and afford the desired assistance. Finding that it was useless to remain longer in searching for the missing, Capt. Hudson stood into Cape May, where he arrived about four o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

The first officer, Mr. Seawell, did not get into the boat at once, but was left on the upper deck near the smoke stack. When the vessel sunk he had an escape not unlike that of the captain of the steamer Arctic, under similar circumstances. As the vessel slowly sank, he mounted the taffrail, and while he was standing there, several of the men jumped overboard, and he threw them two ladders, in the hope that they would cling to them until picked up by some passing vessel. But in a minute or two he was compelled to look out for his own safety. He waited until the vessel took the last plunge, and then jumped headforemost into the sea, with the view of clearing the whirlpool occasioned by the sinking ship. As he sprang forward, one of his feet got entangled in a rope attached to the part of the vessel upon which he was standing, and he was drawn down till the steamer reached the "ocean floor."

Mr. Seawell's sensations were doubtless strange, as he was twisted around several times by the eddying waves. While in this perilous position, anchored, as it were, to the wreck, Mr. S. pulled a knife out of his pocket, and tried to cut the rope which held him. Before he could do this, he felt himself rising to the surface again, and as he ascended, he experienced the same spiral motion, or turning round, but in a reverse order from when he went down. This seemed to unwind the

rope which held him by the leg, and he rose to the surface with his head and shoulders above water, but still held to the wreck by the rope. When the vessel went down, part of the cabin on deck burst off by the force of the wind rushing out of the vessel, and floated near the place where she went down.

Upon this were three or four men, who happened to be near enough to Mr. Seawell, when he came to the surface, to be able to assist him. The men kept his head above the water by seizing him under the arms. They tried to release him by one diving down with a knife in his hand, to cut the rope, while the others would hold him by the leg. As the sea was breaking over them all very roughly, this attempt was tried several times, but without success, when, with a desperate effort Mr. Seawell raised the leg which was free, and placed his knee upon the piece of the cabin. The rope by which he was held stretched to its utmost length, and, waiting a favorable moment during the pitching of the raft from the heavy sea, one of the men dexterously cut the rope with a knife, which freed the unfortunate man from his dangerous position.

#### THE JAPANESE GOING.

The Japanese are preparing to leave for home. Part of their luggage has already been placed on board the Niagara, which will be ready to sail about the 1st of July, and by the last of September set the Embassy down safely at Jeddah. Her cabins have been fitted up with Oriental splendor for the accommodation of the Ambassadors and their retinue. On Thursday last, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, gave them a reception of the "white button" order. The Express says:

At a quarter before two the guests took the cars at Thirty-first street, which had been provided for them by their entertainers, and reached Washington Heights about half-past two. On arriving at the depot, carriages were in waiting to receive the guests. Upon each carriage was a policeman, while at intervals along the road, mounted policemen were stationed. On entering the house, the guests proceeded through the grounds and flowered walks, under a triumphal-arch, to the main entrance. At this entrance a valet in white livery and top boots was stationed, who showed the guests to the hat and cloak rooms. Passing from the dressing rooms the guests were ushered by valets stationed at intervals, who announced the guests to each other as Monsieur or Madame, whoever it might be, until they arrived at the back parlor in which stood Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett. For the special benefit of the lady readers, a description of Mrs. Bennett's attire for this grand occasion is here given as near as possible. The skirt of her dress was of looped illusion, with a handsome silk underskirt above which was an elegant waist of white satin. The hair was in ban-laux, rolled at the back and fastened with loops, which rested upon a magnificent diamond crossed dagger. Around the neck was a splendid pearl necklace, which showed, by the contrast, the diamonds on the lady's dress to greater advantage. Mrs. Bennett had nearly \$100,000 of diamonds and jewelry on her person. The guests saluted their entertainers and then passed into the front parlor which was elegantly decorated with natural flowers. On a marble table in this room there was a large bouquet, about three feet in height and composed of some of the rarest floral gems to be found in the country. Many of the guests lounged about the rooms or among the grounds, from which was a fine view of the Hudson. In front of the house, the celebrated yacht Rebecca was moored gaily decorated with flags. Others amused themselves by listening to the music of the bands, which played alternately. In front of the house the Navy Yard band was stationed. On the right of the house Dodworth's band lent harmony to the scene, while to the left the Academy of Music band played lively tunes for the admirers of "the light fantastic toe."

#### THE MULLANPHY WILL CASE.

St. Louis, June 21.—The celebrated Mullanphy will case was decided in the Supreme Court this morning, in favor of St. Louis which will receive over \$700,000 thereby.

#### FATAL RENCONTRE.

A rencontre occurred in Lynchburg, Va., on Saturday, between Geo. W. Hardwicke, one of the proprietors of the Republican, assisted by Wm. Hardwicke, a relative, and the Messrs. Chas. W. and Jos. Button, of the Virginian, who were assisted by two of their brothers, in which Mr. Jos. Button was killed and Mr. Robt. Button fatally wounded. About twenty shots were fired, some taking effect upon innocent persons.

#### ARREST OF A MAIL ROBBER.

The mail rider from Reidville to Hineville, Ga.—Morgan Vossley—was arrested on Monday last, for robbing the mail of \$50. He succeeded in swallowing \$30 of the money before he could be secured. Upon being committed to jail he cut his throat, but not fatally.

#### MURDER.

An affray occurred near Goldsboro' N. C., on Monday night last, in which Richard Anderson was stabbed and killed by Erig Best.—Anderson was a married man, and was prompted by jealousy to attack Best, which he did with a gun, when the affair terminated fatally to Anderson.

Maroney, former agent of the Adams Express Company, pleaded guilty of robbing the office of \$50,000, and has been sentenced by Judge Shorter to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary. The money lost in August last was recovered by Pinkerton's detective agency in an obscure place near Philadelphia.

#### 3 Corner for the Little Ones.

BY LAURA L. OF LANG KYLE, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LITTLE LIZZIE.

Thou little bright and sparkling fay,  
Scarce ever for one moment still;  
The very soul of fun and play;  
Art naming o'er the breezy hill,  
Thy little dress with flowers to fill?

Thy little dainty, dimpled hand,  
Now splashing in the stream at play;  
One little foot still on the land,  
The other, without stop or stay,  
Tossing the tiny waves in play!

Thou art so strange questions, Luv,  
After a dreamy gaze at even;  
Of God and angels bright above,  
Of the best land we all call Heaven,  
"To all of us shall it be given?"

What are thy dreams when thou dost sleep,  
Art visiting some far-off shore?  
For sometimes thou dost smile, then weep,  
As tossing treasures (held in store)  
For ever and for ever more.

Deep are the spirit's mysteries,  
Too deep for us to understand;  
But life with all its witcheries,  
Is but a pilgrimage at best,  
To lead us to the land of rest.

May all our little lands be led,  
Safe by the tender shepherd's hand,  
Through every dark and flowery way,  
Where the green pastures blooming stand  
Far over in the better land.

Long Spars, N. C.

#### BLUE SKY SOMEWHERE.

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our hearts good has we learned from those lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in my memory. We were going to a picnic, and of course the little ones were in ecstasies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no song of mirth. There was every prospect of rain—even hope hid her face and wept.

"Shan't we go mother?" exclaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off?"

"O, look out for the blue sky."

And so he did, poor little fellow, never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well I don't care, mother," said he when the tedious day had at length numbered all its hours, "if I haven't seen it, I know there is a blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was a blue sky—whole heaven full of it—clear, glorious blue sky, such as only greets us after a very severe storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice; there is blue sky!" Then the little head dropped, for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother!" exclaimed the child when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day yesterday; though I never saw a bit of it; eos you see, there isn't no place it could have gone to—God only covered it up with a cloud, didn't he?"

#### WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

It is said to be a property of the tree frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus when found on growing corn, it is commonly of a dark green. If found on the white oak, it has the color peculiar to the tree. Just so it is with men—Tell me whom you choose and prefer as companions, and I certainly can tell you who you are like. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest seat among such than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

#### CHEERFULNESS.

Nothing upon the earth forever grieves;  
No bird forever sad and songless lives;  
Even the poor small worm,  
Puts on, before he dies, his glorious form.  
And, for a little space,  
Chases the sunbeams round the mountain's face.  
The rose that has been ruffled by the storm  
Droops not for aye her leaves;  
After the rain,  
She lifts her fearful head, radiant again.  
Yes! not forever bow the autumn leaves—  
Though weighted down above,  
As hearts are with their love,  
With all the riches that the heaven gives:  
Sometimes, on sunny days,  
A gentle wind will raise  
Their golden ears, ripe for the garner's ears.  
The chaffy frost before the warm sun yields.  
When the cloud shadows hang above the fields,  
They linger not—  
Look once again—sunlight is on the spot!

#### WATER SPOUT.

We read the following in the Apalachicola (Fla.) Times, of the 18th inst.:

On Monday, the 11th inst., a large water spout made its appearance in our harbor, passing very near the bark T. G. Bunker, lying at the west pass anchorage. Every loose article about the deck of the vessel was whirled away into the air, even the oars were taken from out the boat. The second anchor was let go, and the ship spun around the compass three times in less than ten minutes.



## Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22.

Baltimore and Richmond Conventions—Congressional Matters—Death of Gen. Jessup—Japanese Embassy—Result of our Municipal Election—Death of Mr. Schwartz, M. C.—Personal—The Weather.

Public interest is turned to the Baltimore Convention now in session. Telegraphic dispatches are hourly received here from the Monumental City relative to the sayings and doings of the large number of Democratic leaders now assembled there. Douglas has quite an array of friends stationed around the Convention, who are endeavoring by every possible means to push his nomination. Yesterday was quite an eventful day, but the crisis was not reached; it is anticipated that a result of a definite character will develop itself this morning. The Convention of seceding delegates from the Charleston Convention met in Richmond yesterday pursuant to adjournment, but there not being a quorum present, the Convention adjourned over till to-day. It was rumored that this latter Convention would meet in Baltimore after the adjournment of the Convention now in session there. The Southern Democrats await the action of these two Conventions with the most intense interest.

Both Houses of Congress have had two sessions a day for the past two weeks; as much important business had to be transacted, and mid-summer was approaching they began to repeat (f) of their indolence during the winter, and now have to make amends by serious hard work. The Senate was in executive session several hours yesterday. They disposed of almost all the long standing business on the calendar, which consisted of some 40 nominations for appointments in the army and navy, postmasters, collectors, surveyors of customs, and other officers. On Wednesday last our citizens were much pleased with the favorable action of Congress in regard to appropriations for our District interests—such as the capitol extension, completion of the Potomac Water Works, &c. The renewal of operations on the public works will give employment to a great number of mechanics and laborers.

The death of Major Gen. Jessup in this city ten days ago, was rather sudden, being preceded by only one day's illness. His funeral was the grandest we have witnessed for many years—troops having been ordered from New York, Portsmouth, Fort Mifflin, &c., to join in the long and solemn procession. His remains were interred in the Congressional cemetery.

The Japanese Embassy have seen more of American manners, customs, &c., since their departure from us. At present they are the all-absorbing topic in New York, and were entertained by James G. Bennett, of the N. Y. Herald, at his residence on Washington Heights last evening. The arrangements made for this entertainment were most extensive and sumptuous, it is said. The New Yorkers are trying to eclipse every one else (especially the Washingtonians) in their efforts to amuse and please the Japanese during their stay in the great commercial metropolis, but we think the Embassy were better satisfied during their long stay here, than with all the exhibitions, &c., given to them in Philadelphia or New York. During their visit to this city, one of them, who could speak a little English, told a gentleman that American champagne was good, but American whisky was bad, remarking at the same time significantly from side to side, as he added, *make me sick*. "You speak English!" said the gentleman, "No, no speak English." "You speak American, then?" asked the gentleman. "Yes, speak American; American very good; English very bad." A flattering reply, perhaps owing to instructions from the great Tycoon to have nothing to do with the English.

The result of our municipal election on the 4th inst., was re-election of Mayor Berret, Democrat, by a majority of 28 votes. The day passed off quietly with the exception of one or two rows—during which several were injured, though not fatally.

On last Wednesday night, Hon. J. Schwartz, a Representative from Pennsylvania, died at the Washington House in this city after a painful illness of three days, in the 68 year of his age. His death was publicly announced in the House of Representatives yesterday evening, on which both Houses of Congress immediately adjourned.

An only infant daughter of Senator Douglas died at his residence on the 4th. Mrs. D. is said to be inconsolable at the loss. The Judge is suffering from ill health, and cannot resume his seat in the Senate.

We are having very cool weather here for the season. At present the air is quite chilly, and we can imagine it November instead of June. It has rained or was cloudy every day for a week past, but we have not been altogether without heat, for in the early portion of this month we had some very warm days, and will have "more of the same sort" ere many hours have elapsed, I presume.

BOSTON, June 19th, 1860.

The R. & G. R.—Norfolk—the great case of Bankruptcy there—Moonlight on the water, so lovely and yet so treacherous—The Japanese Embassy—Its consequences—Celebration of the 17th June.

Dear Times:—Leaving the goodly city of Raleigh, we sped quietly and safely along one of the best roads in the United States through a flourishing country to Portsmouth; we say flourishing, because we have a lively recollection of a period, not very far distant in the past, when the appearance of everything along and on the line was decidedly the reverse, and no section can present a stronger or brighter picture of the advantages of Railroads; improved farms and thriving villages on either hand. A decided advance is clearly manifested on approaching Portsmouth, larger villages, better houses, well-tilled fields, fat cattle, and splendid orchards.

Crossing a beautiful sheet of water from Portsmouth to Norfolk in a fifth rate steamer, and a poor one at that, we enjoy magnificent views of the scenery; the Pennsylvania looms up in her massive proportions, a mammoth among the minnows; at the time she was built she was counted the largest boat in the world, now she has dwindled down into comparative insignificance; the view is very extensive, and takes in many objects of interest, commanding the anchorage of the men of war, should any happen to be in port. The exciting theme of conversation was the extraordinary failure of the old and well known house of Solomon Cherry & Co., and the disappearance of the head of the firm; the Company were regarded as among the strongest and best men in N. C., and no man enjoyed a greater or fairer reputation than Mr. Cherry: his friends are completely overwhelmed with the astounding tidings, and all hope that something may yet turn up to relieve the darkest parts of the tale and to modify the dreadful effects of the blow. It was reported that his liabilities would exceed \$100,000, but this is now believed to be exaggerated, and that \$40,000 will cover the deficiency.

We have before spoken of the delights of a night's travel up the Chesapeake, and we did not experience any diminution of them on this occasion: Old Point was looking its best and getting ready to receive its accustomed crowd of summer visitors, while the moonlight on the water slept as tranquil and as lovely as if it were not looking on a treacherous ocean, where many fair forms, brave hearts and bright aspirations have been chilled into their eternal repose. It seems out of place, though, to moralize sadly over such a lovely picture and the morning sun and the hurry and bustle of Baltimore soon put all these melancholy thoughts to flight and inspire others more consonant with this work-day world.

We were fortunate to see a great deal of the Japanese, in all their state and glory. In the midst of the procession by which they were hovered; of course we were delighted by the magnificence of the display; the citizen soldiery looked well and behaved better, so did the steam fire engines; the crowd was in good humor, well dressed and orderly; the police and city magistrates dignified and effective. As for the distinguished strangers, they looked, notwithstanding all their embroidery, gowns, fans and double swords, for all the world like a lot of well-behaved mulattoes; in fact, we have seen many negroes who could take the shine off them altogether, in good looks, as well as dress; their features are very small and insignificant, the forehead retreating rapidly backwards, while the skull is flat on top; the circumstance of all the front of the head being clean-shaven, does not add to the attractiveness of their appearance in the eyes of an Occidental. In estimating the standing of the Ambassador we are to recollect that they are gentlemen of the highest rank at home—in fact the first Princes of the Realm; that they have taken, for them, an unheard of step, in sending us first of all nations an Embassy, and that the most important consequences political, moral, religious and social, may readily be calculated to flow from the intercourse thus auspiciously inaugurated. The reception at New York was of course splendid beyond comparison or description, as might naturally have been expected from the enterprise of our commercial metropolis; it is not yet positively determined that the Embassy shall come here; should they do so, your correspondent will be "around promiscuously."

After devoting a few days to sight-seeing in New York, we took the "Norwich and Worcester route" to this city, and if your readers wish to avoid a night of accumulated horrors, they will adopt our advice and never take that route; at least that is our deliberate conclusion, founded on experience; however, we got here at last safe and sound, and that is all we can say.

Yesterday the 18th was a legal holiday here; the 17th, being the anniversary of Bunker Hill, a deathless name, familiar throughout the world; the Banks and Public Offices, of course, were shut, but many of the business men only took half a holiday. The Common, now at the very height of its beauty, was the grand centre of attraction, for there the military partook of a collation, and spoke and eat and drank in honor of the occasion, as was most befitting; then the light artillery manoeuvred and fired with the most marvellous rapidity and precision. At nightfall we, and the rest of the crowd, adjourned to Bunker Hill to listen entranced to some grand music in the shadow of the great column, and to tread with heedless feet on soil moistened by the blood of Warren.

Yours, P. S. S.

BOSTON, June 18th, 1860.

An Eastern visit—The Waverley Magazine—The home of Fannie Stevens Bruce—Boston and its institutions—The home of Longfellow—Charlestown Navy Yard—The Boston Athenæum and its ways and means.

Dear Times: After a silence much longer than I had either anticipated or desired, I find myself stranded in the ancient city of Boston, with a leisure hour before me; and for the information of the general reader as well as those Eastward bound, I propose to speak as briefly as consistent, of the matters of interest which have engrossed the attention of your New York Correspondent during a hasty visit hither.

My pleasure first conducted me to the spacious publishing establishment of the "Waverley Magazine," situated in Lindall street,

near Congress street, where the gentlemanly proprietor, Moses A. Dow, Esq., is always "at home" to his friends. Here I found a mammoth uniqueness and business dispatch not often found in similar establishments. Two immense steam presses, the most costly in town, are kept in constant operation in printing the "Waverley," whilst others still larger and more costly are in course of construction for the purposes of its increasing circulation. My visit could scarcely have happened at a more opportune moment, for this office is indulging the expensive luxury of new type; which afforded me a rare chance to initiate myself in the minutiae of the "case." And I am inclined to think with some of your Southern editors that the Waverley Magazine owes its present popularity no less to the steadfastness with which it has attended to its own business and the requirements of its readers, through all the perplexities and convulsions that have sprung from the agitation of the slavery question, than to its own intrinsic merit.

Being decidedly inspired with a love for literary people, an inspiration I am not at all willing to regret, I next found myself whirling along in the horse cars towards the pretty suburbs of Charlestown. A ride of some half hour brought me to a pretty frame house on the rise of a pleasant hill, agreeably and properly termed, Somerville. Over its unique and peaceful beauty a tall elm threw its refreshing shadow, and all around the soft voice of Summer sung its festal song. This was the home of one of America's youngest and purest writers—Fannie Stevens Bruce. A light step and a smiling, yet thoughtful, face, circled by an abundance of soft dark hair, soon betokened the object of my search—and with that delicately graceful, yet irresistibly earnest kindness which speaks at once refinement of manner and nobleness of heart, she bade me welcome. Now to me any where is home, and with such a nature I was not slow to avail myself of the generosity of my friend. And just the most bewitching little parlor in all the world was there, which often during my stay has found me a very willing captive. Small in stature and delicate in form, this gifted lady seems scarcely constituted for the tax and strain which a literary life imposes; and yet her efforts are neither few nor slight, and her effusions have already won her wide commendation from high literary sources. Her writings are remarkable chiefly for their grace and elegance of diction, and the practical pathos and philosophy with which they abound. My best wishes are for the success and happiness of this talented writer and accomplished lady.

Now then to the wonders of Boston. The city itself has little to boast of in the style of its architecture or the design of its thoroughfares. The streets being for the most part narrow, crooked and tedious to explore, but always, be it remembered, scrupulously neat and clean, which is a luxury we unfortunate New Yorkers don't enjoy. The city is, however, fast improving, and as a friend of mine has remarked, "will be a great place when it has done growing." The people with whom occasion brought me in contact I found to be kind, sensible and liberal minded.

Well, I have made the tour of Boston Common and climbed old Bunker Hill; have gazed upon the classic walls of Harvard, and lingered amid the voiceless eloquence of Mt. Auburn. Have stood before the broad front of Faneuil Hall and looked on its famed disciple (Webster) from the bronzed genius of the State House.—Have exchanged glances with a thousand objects of interest and trod a thousand spots dear to American hearts.

A strange old fashioned house is the home of Longfellow, situated about a mile on the Boston side of Mount Auburn, and sufficiently near the city of the dead to tinge the writings of the poet with a soft and pastoral sweetness. Once the head-quarters of Washington, the old homestead stands like a sacred landmark in the annals of our nation. It is a quaint, time-worn edifice with its front resting on a column of massive pillars and surrounded by a broad, low piazza. Perhaps it would not be poetical enough for the fastidious taste of some, but its dingy yellow walls seemed romantic enough to me, smiling in the bosom of a pretty shrubbery and environed by its neat outhouses and comely appointments.

The Charlesown Navy Yard, too, affords scope for an hour of agreeable entertainment. One of the most note-worthy features of this establishment is its extensive rope walk, which supplies the principal navy yards of the country with all varieties of rope. It is worked by an immense steam power and twists a rope nearly half a mile in length. The yard and buildings cover some 42 acres and makes an excellent appearance. The *attachees* were unusually polite and afforded me all the facility for observation of which they were capable.—This I thought quite remarkable for public officers, who usually seem to think that their chief business is to play the fool or the bear with their employers—the people.

I found an hour glided very pleasantly away under the influences of the Boston Athenæum and a very agreeable companion. The Athenæum here means a picture gallery and a hall of statuary. Just now this institution boasts a good collection of paintings, but I cannot fall into the same train of conclusion regarding the statuary which is neither ample nor striking. It would be tedious to enter into details touching either, but before passing from the Athenæum to my final period, I have one word to say in regard to the extortion practiced on the public at this institution. The entrance fee is fixed at 25 cents, which includes the freedom of "both branches of the exhibition; but after this is paid you find yourself merely in the

vestibule of palace splendor. Or, in other words, a volume of closed magnificence is before you and it opens only with a ten cent spring—this means that every piece of workmanship is numbered, which number corresponds with a certain description of the work to be found in a printed catalogue, gotten up expressly for public accommodation at ten cents each. Now we are not opposed to paying a fair equivalent for any valuable consideration, but we are opposed to mean and petty impositions and extortions, such as are practiced by the managers of the Boston Athenæum.

But I have already outworn my allotted space, and, for all I know, the patience of my readers too. So I will leave the rest of the Boston sights for the subject of a future writing.

I am, my dear Times, as ever your devoted,  
QUEERSTREET.

New York, June 25, 1860.

The Japanese in New York—Broadway—A new Daily—The Great Eastern—Garibaldi and Italian Independence—Another Arctic Expedition—Archbishop Hughes and his struggles after Martyrdom—The Drama &c. &c.

Dear Times:—Since my last writing I have drang some two hundred odd miles between myself and Boston, and finding some few moments at my disposal which seem not cut out for anything in particular I have concluded to project them into the sanctum of the Times.

On my return hither I found the metropolis all alive with wondermongers and draped in its gaudiest trappings. And the burthen of their wonderment was the arrival of the Japanese Embassy. As usual on such occasions, New Yorkers were in all the excitement which such clap trap stupidity always engenders; and like children at a play were constantly on the tip-toe of expectancy wondering "what would come next." At all events there was an imposing military and civic display, besides sundry illuminations, serenades and other exhibitions, of tom foolery too numerous to mention. Now I have no objection to a proper respect for any institution, or a proper reception of any nationality or personage who may choose to feel honored by our presence and grateful for any courtesy extended, but I do most decidedly object to converting our city into a public show and exhibiting our childish propensities to gratify the curiosity of a pack of semi-civilized baboons.

Some jester with more truth than elegance has said that "a nigger is only a nigger still even if you do white-wash him."

Broadway just now presents rather an unsightly spectacle from the fact of the immense amount of building material that obstructs the street view and the passage-way at the same time. Almost every ten steps precipitates you before some structure in the process of demolition or erection; and I hardly remember a time when the metropolis has been in the course of as much substantial improvement as at present.

Some enterprising individuals have been investing largely in a new daily paper which has just made its appearance here under the title of the "World." It is a handsome sheet quarto form, after the style of the London Times and is at present selling at one cent a copy.

The delay in the sailing of the "Great Eastern" has caused much disappointment to those New Yorkers who have not lost all the interest they ever felt in this mammoth misfortune. It is understood that her day of sailing has been postponed until the 23rd instant.

Large sums of money are being daily collected here to aid Garibaldi in his struggle for Italian independence. And a musical demonstration of the most extensive nature is soon to take place at the academy of music for the furtherance of this noble object.

We are to have another Arctic Expedition under the command of Dr. Hayes which is to sail from Boston positively on the 26th instant. Archbishop Hughes is striving hard for martyrdom in defying the laws of this State which provide for the registration of marriages. He refuses for some reason to comply with them and goes on with an extended illogical and ridiculous argument in which he endeavors to show that no persons except the appointed agents of the government are liable to the government or answerable to its laws—certainly this is a very nice and sensible argument to have emanated from such a source. He expresses his willingness if need be to perish on the scaffold rather than comply with the law. He is under process of prosecution and the *dean* will be anxiously looked for.

The dramatic world of the Empire city is decidedly dull just now. Julia Dean Hayne closes an engagement here this week at the Winter Garden. At Laura Keen's Theatre Mrs. John Wood and Jefferson are creating considerable mirth. Wallack's theatre is closed for repairs, but opens on Monday next for the summer season with the Florences.

Don't know aught else of interest worth adding so will wave you adieu. As ever yours,  
QUEERSTREET.

THE INSANE.

The benevolent Miss Dix, whose philanthropic labors in behalf of the insane, reflect such credit on her humanity, and have been attended with wonderful success, states in one of her publications, that in the New England States the proportion of the insane to the whole population is about one in 600; in the middle States one in 700, and in the Western States one in 1,300. The most unfortunate State is Rhode Island, where there is one to every 503, and the one less afflicted than all others with this calamity is South Carolina, where there is but one insane person to every 6,053.

## THE TIMES.

Adjourned.

Congress adjourned on Monday, and our representative, the Hon. John A. Gilmer, returned home on Tuesday. We saw other members, also, passing up the road on Tuesday.

The Conventions.

The nominating Conventions are now over; after a time of excitement not equalled in our recollection. The Charleston National convention adjourned over to Baltimore, where it assembled the 18th inst. The session in Charleston was a stormy one, resulting in the secession of a number of the Southern States; but the recent session in Baltimore was far more exciting and rowdy, not less than four fights having taken place between the members. Amid the excitement, first and last, the delegates from more than half the states seceded including the chairman of the convention.—The Douglas men remaining in the convention and the opposition elements having seceded, Douglas was declared, on the third ballot, to be the unanimous choice of this convention as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.—Ex-Gov. Benjamin Fitzpatrick of Alabama, was unanimously nominated for the Vice Presidency. Adjourned *sine die*.

The seceders from this convention assembled and organized, the following states being represented:

Vermont,	Massachusetts,
New York,	Pennsylvania,
Delaware,	Maryland,
Virginia,	Florida,
North Carolina,	South Carolina,
Georgia,	Alabama,
Tennessee,	Texas,
Mississippi,	Arkansas,
Missouri,	Louisiana,
Kentucky,	Iowa,
California,	Oregon.

Hon. Caleb Cushing having resigned his seat as chairman of the regular convention, on the grounds that a majority of the delegates over whom he had been elected to preside had withdrawn, made his appearance in the seceders' convention, and was unanimously declared the chairman of the same—it being the National Democratic Convention. He took his seat amid great shoutings. The convention unanimously adopted the majority report on platforms, offered at Charleston; and upon this platform nominated Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, of Ky., for the Presidency, and Hon. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for the Vice Presidency.

Adjourned *sine die*.

Of the Richmond convention, the seceders at Charleston, we have heard nothing further than adjourning over from day to day for the want of a quorum. It refused the invitation from the Baltimore seceders to unite with them. It was thought in Richmond on Monday that a quorum would be in attendance on Tuesday, and that the convention would then endorse the nomination of Breckinridge and Lane.

It appears we are to have at least five, if not six or seven candidates in the field for the Presidency: Bell, by the Union men; Lincoln, by the Republicans; Douglas and Breckinridge, by the Democratic conventions; Houston, an independent candidate; and a probability that the Brownites will run a man more to their liking than Lincoln. From this confusion of parties we have faith to believe good will result. It is the winnowing machine, separating the bad from the good, the bad being thrown away and the good remaining firm to the trust of the Union. The Union, we believe, is safe, and a good national man will be elected President.

Fourth of July.

A monument to the memory of Capt. Arthur Forbes, who fell at the Battle of Guilford, will be erected in Albemarle church-yard, in this county, on the 4th of July, being Wednesday next. Appropriate services by Rev. Eli W. Caruthers, and addresses to be delivered by Robert P. Dick and William L. Scott, Esqs.

The Guilford Grays and other volunteer and cavalry companies, and all the neighboring lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows, and Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, are invited to be present on the occasion.

Marshal—Gen. Jacob Hiatt; Assistant Marshals—Cols. John D. Scott, Wm. Gilbreath, J. A. Houston, David Stewart, C. A. Roun, and M. S. Sherwood.

Ceremonies to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. A full programme for the day will be published.

FROM EUROPE.

Farther Point, June 25.—The steamship Kangaroo arrived here yesterday with Liverpool dates to the 13th.

The Melita Capitulation has been signed. The Neapolitan troops have evacuated Palermo.

The Great Eastern was to sail on the 16th. The English Reform bill has been withdrawn by government.

QUEER OBJECTION.

The New York Freeman's Journal seriously objects to Mr. Cumming's new religious daily, because it spells Satan's name with a capital letter. Is not the Prince of Darkness entitled to the same degree of typographical respect as other royal personages?

MR. FOWLER AT THE GOLD MINES.

Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, the absconding Postmaster, has been identified at Piko's Peak. After confessing his identity, he fled, and is now probably on his way to California and Australia.



## THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday, June 30, 1860.

C. C. CURTIS, Editor and Proprietor.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARTERS, D.D.,  
W. R. HUNTER,  
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,  
MRS. L. H. SPOFFORD,  
MRS. MARY J. GIBSON,  
MRS. J. C. WILKINSON,  
MRS. W. J. JARVIS,  
WILLIAM E. JARVIS,  
INA CLAYTON,  
C. C. DUNN,  
ANNA M. BATES,  
GRACE MILWOOD,  
MRS. L. M. HITCHCOCK,  
ED. ST. GEO. COOK,  
MRS. C. HUTCHINS,  
GRIFFITH J. MORRIS,  
and others.

## The English Language.

Heavy bodies will sink to the bottom. And so it is in society, the strong element gradually diffuses itself, and asserts its supremacy. The Anglo-Saxon race, without any apparent effort or design, is gradually conquering the world by its own natural superiority of elements for endurance and energy of character. This superiority of the race was forcibly remarked recently at the 71st anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund, held in London, about one hundred gentlemen present, and the Lord Bishops of St. David's presiding. In his speech to the toast of the evening, the chairman said in illustration of the remark that our language had not lost either in compass or force through the hands which now used it, that "a few years ago, in the Royal Academy of Berlin, a most illustrious German philologist recorded it as his deliberate opinion that the language of Shakespeare was destined to become universal, and bear sway, like the English race itself, in distant parts of the globe; that its compactness, its compactness and its good sense, fitted it for that purpose in a higher degree than any other living tongue, that of his own German fatherland not excepted."

## Supreme Court.

On Monday and Tuesday last the following gentlemen obtained Licenses to practice Law:

## In the County Courts.

J. B. Lowrie, Charlotte.  
J. W. Wilkey, Shelby, N. C.  
R. B. Houston, Catawba county.  
A. J. Harrison, Lenoir county.  
J. H. Jernigan, Hertford county.  
Geo. B. Barnes, Northampton county.  
R. W. Nixon, New Hanover.  
John C. Gilmer, Surry county.  
A. S. Fraley, Statesville.  
John T. Cook, Warren.  
I. S. Robbins, Randolph county.  
H. B. Sully, Washington, N. C.  
A. C. Avery, Burke county.  
Hugh L. Cole, Newbern.

## In the Superior Courts.

J. L. Stewart, Chapel Hill.  
R. B. Dulla, Asheville.  
James R. Dulla, " "  
W. K. Barham, Franklin.  
C. H. Thomas, " "  
H. S. Patterson, " "  
French Strong, Fayetteville.  
J. H. Horne, " "  
James C. McFar, " "  
W. F. Curdly, Greenville.  
Alex. Jackson, Newbern.  
E. B. Withers, Caldwell.  
H. R. Daniel, Iredell.  
J. T. Morehead, Jr., Greensborough.  
R. T. Bonnet, " "  
J. J. Martin, Macon.  
W. H. Young, Greenville.  
J. W. Graham, Hillsborough.  
Fred. Phillips, Tarboro.  
J. S. Barnes, Wilson.  
Julius W. Wright, Wilmington.  
W. C. Lord, Salisbury.

## APPOINTMENT.

Judge Longstreet, of Georgia, has been appointed by the President to represent the American Government in the Commercial and Statistical Convention, which is to meet in London on the 19th of July next. Hon. Ed. Dix, of New York, is to be his associate.

## NEW STAMPS.

In order to facilitate the prepayment of postage on letters addressed to foreign countries and to avoid the necessity of affixing thereto a large number of stamps, which would in some instances increase the weight so as to subject the letters to additional postage, the Department has ordered the issuing of new stamps of the denomination of 24, 36, and 90 cents respectively. The 24-cent stamps will be ready for distribution next week, the 36-cent stamps upon thereafter and the 90-cent stamps as soon as they can be procured.

The commencement at Princeton, N. Y., took place on the 26th. W. E. Prime of New York, delivered the address.

## Anecdote of Powers, the Sculptor.

As almost everything about great men is read with interest, we think the following anecdote, from the *St. Louis Bulletin*, well worthy of a place in our columns:

During the residence of the celebrated Madame Trollope in Cincinnati, she spent an evening at the house of Mr. Dorfeuille, then proprietor of the museum, to whom she remarked, in the course of conversation about business, that a representation of the infernal regions from the description by the Italian poet, Dante, would be a fine subject for exhibition. "That is true," admitted Dorfeuille, "but there is no artist in America capable of executing the machinery." There chanced to be present, also, a manufacturer of "Yankee clocks," named Laman Watson, who said: "I have a young man, a workman in my factory, who can do it." Dorfeuille asked: "Has he ever done any work of the kind?" "No," said Watson, "but give him the poem to read, and I will guarantee that he shall first make his own tools, and then produce every requisite for the exhibition, equal to life." Dorfeuille set the youth to work, and in less than four months had produced as effective a model of Pandemonium, including a self-propelling serpent, forty feet in length, divers vultures, harpies, &c., as could be wished by the most diabolically inclined enthusiast.

Another circumstance which contributed not a little to the establishment of his genius and skill is thus related by the same historian: "The great comic actor of that day was Alexander Drake, and whenever it was announced that Drake would sing between the play and farce the then new song of 'Love and Sausages,' the house was sure to be crowded. Well, one evening at the proper time the curtain rose, and there stood Drake in his usual costume, but not a word came from his lips. As he sometimes 'indulged' too freely, one of the audience supposing that to be the cause of his sudden taciturnity, commenced to hiss, but his friends coming to his relief in a storm of applause, the curtain fell as it by accident, but almost instantly rose again, showing Drake apparently still in the same dress, spot and attitude. And now he sang the favorite ditty with an effect that as usual 'brought down the house.' Encore after encore was complied with, a sobriety and modesty that made all the uninitiated wonder how Drake could so suddenly overcome his inebriety—a problem that was solved to the astonishment and admiration of all by the exhibition on the following day, in Dorfeuille's Museum, of a full-length likeness, dress, attitude and all, of Drake, modeled in clay by Powers, which had been so successfully used to deceive the audience.

## A Shower of Pebbles.

The *Troy, N. Y., Times*, says that about four o'clock on the afternoon of June the first, the attention of a number of persons standing on the stoop at Patton's Hotel, in that city, was attracted by the fall of hard substances on the ground near them, which they at first supposed was hail. Discovering this to be a mistake, however, they proceeded to make an investigation and found that what they had heard falling were pebbles, varying in size from those a little larger than a bean, to some weighing half an ounce. These stones were scattered over a space about twenty feet square. Notwithstanding the ground thereabouts is very hard, some of them imbedded in it, proving that they must have fallen from a great distance, and with immense velocity. The pebbles were very clear and smooth, and gave evidence of having been worn by attrition of water.

They are not in any way similar to pebbles found in that vicinity, being beautifully shaped and variegated, and resembling the agates found in the Lake Superior district. Some of them are perfect and beautifully transparent. One of a number presented to the editor by Mr. J. Briggs, is marked with luminous circular spots, which clearly show from either side. Mr. Briggs also furnished several of the stones to Prof. David A. Wells. He is of opinion that they have been taken up by some great tornado or whirlwind, by which they were held in suspension, and carried over a considerable district of country, to be finally deposited here. The force of velocity necessary to produce this phenomenon may be imagined.

## A REMINISCENCE.

The Rev. Mr. Peet, now of Iowa, has given to the Western Churchmen the following little reminiscence of his Virginia life, and I give it out Bishop Moore:

"When very young in the ministry, I performed missionary duties on the Potomac, mainly in the county of King George. Bishop Moore set off from Richmond to visit that portion of the State, and I met him at the residence of a gentleman on the banks of the Rappahannock. The Bishop, as usual, had all the neighborhood gathered in for a religious service, in which he was aided by the Rev. J. P. McGuire and myself. We all three slept in the same room. There was a bright fire in the chamber hearth, at which Mr. M. and I were sitting some time after the Bishop had lain down for his nightly rest. How well I remember his face; his white locks severely to be distinguished from his pillow, and his bright genial eye glittering undimmed by the frosts of age. He said to me, 'Mr. P., have you many pious people in King George?' 'I replied, after a pause, 'Bishop, there are a good many pious ladies.' 'Aye, aye,' said he, with the usual nervous twitch of his features, 'Aye, aye, young man, if it were not for pious ladies, you and I might shut up shop.'"

## Interesting Lecture on Insects.

Dr. Asa Fitch, of New York, delivered two interesting lectures, recently, at New Haven, Conn., on "Economic Entomology," or injurious insects, a synopsis of which is furnished by a correspondent of an Eastern paper. The subject is one of general interest:

## REPORT OF FIRST LECTURE.

Dr. Fitch labors in a field of science vastly important to farmers, but very poorly understood. As he very justly remarked last evening, the devastations by insects are not noticed, because so insidiously made, but if our eyes could but be opened to the activity of our little foes consternation would seize us. Go into our forests and we see every portion of our trees attacked by some insect, trunk, bark, leaves and roots, all having their peculiar depredators. The sweeping away of our forests compels the insects which formerly fed upon them to turn to the orchards, which have replaced the forests. We shall, before many years, see our apple tree branches lopped off, as are the limbs of the common red oak, and by the same insects, the "oak pruner."

Foreign insects have been imported in the thousand commodities, and the numberless trees and plants which we import, and these have proved the most pernicious foes to our crops and trees. Our crops and climate favoring their development, they multiply to a frightful extent, and do far greater damage here than they did in Europe. The bark louse, for instance, on both sides of Lake Michigan, has ruined nearly every orchard. For years after the settlement of this country, wheat was an absolutely sure crop, but the yield dwindled with successive years, and now in large districts, its culture is necessarily abandoned. Reasons have been urged to account for this; that our soil has deteriorated and our climate changed, but they do not explain the difficulty. With the best of manuring and tillage, we cannot get the crops our ancestors did, with shiftless farming; and even where new woodland is cleared, and wheat is put into the virgin soil, the crop is infinitesimally small. The true cause is to be found in the attacks of insects, and nothing else. Starting some years ago, with the popular belief that the wheat midge and Hessian fly were the greatest wheat enemies, the learned lecturer had been surprised to discover, that in every field he examined, a host of European insects, new to this country, were flourishing. There were, especially notable, the chlorops, oscinis and trips, beside others. In the old forest days there was no wheat nor any of its congeners; and so, when they were first sown, no enemies attacked it; but by degrees, one after another finding abundant nutriment in the wheat fields, sought it there, as the trees were cut away. The wheat midge came from England, and has ravaged our fields for twenty years. It is a miserable little yellow fly, scarcely one fourth as large as a mosquito, but deadly enough to cause in New York State, in 1851, a total loss of over \$15,000,000, or nearly as much as the whole city of New Haven is worth, with all its houses, buildings and lots. If an invading army had destroyed property to this value, how the whole country would have been aroused! Multiply this tremendous loss by that felt in all the States, and what a result is there for our contemplation. The wheat midge, however, is, said to say, not our only insect enemy, for the name of the army is legion; and yet, there are but two books on insects published in America, and these are not on sale in our bookstores. One of them is Dr. Harris' treatise, which was part of the survey of the natural history of Massachusetts; and the other Dr. Fitch's own report on noxious insects, published in the New York State Agricultural Society's Transactions. The insect is divided into three parts, viz: head, thorax or fore body, and abdomen. The head is furnished with antennae or horns, which possess remarkable sensitiveness. Thus, an ichneumon fly, by touching them against the outer surface of a bark in which, at even the depth of two or three inches, a worm is buried, knows if it is his food, and just where it is lodged; and two bees, by touching their horns together, know if they come from the same hive and are brothers, for all the world as if there were a system of Freemasonry among insects. The most wonderful thing about insects is their metamorphosis from one condition to another so different that one might as well expect a serpent to change to an eagle. The insect life is divided into four stages—first, the egg; second, the larva; third, the pupa; fourth, the perfect insect. An insect may be known to have matured when it has wings; or if it be a wingless variety, its maturity is known by its depositing eggs. Grasshoppers and plant-leaf bugs are an exception to the four staged life, for they grow from larva directly into full-grown insects. Insects live, however much we may despise them, a real use in creation. They keep down the excess of vegetation, and without such provision of nature, the world would be immediately overrun with plant life. Dr. Fitch closed by stating that by a careful scrutiny of the whole history and transformation of noxious insects, we are sure to find a vulnerable point, by attacking which we may destroy them. Although Achilles was covered with an armor, he was found vulnerable in the heel.

REPORT OF THE SECOND LECTURE.  
He said that our losses are immeasurably greater from insects than those of the European nations; and yet, because of not being so over-crowded in population, they were not felt so much; for there the loss of one-eighth

of a crop would be regarded as a great national disaster. The Hessian fly was introduced into this country in some packing straw by Hessian soldiers who landed at Flatbush, L. I., August, 1776. It did no great injury to crops thereabouts until 1779. Starting from that point, and travelling about twenty miles a year, it had overspread our whole country. Within a year or two of its arrival in any given place, most of the surrounding wheat fields were destroyed, and its ravages usually continued for a few years, or until its parasitic enemies exterminated it. It has frequently re-appeared here and there, but for the past few years has almost been unheard of. This fly is probably that referred to by Duhamel as having greatly injured the wheat in Switzerland in 1732, but during the half century of its worst ravages here it was almost unnoticed in Europe. In 1833 it ravaged a part of Germany, and in 1834 Prof. Dana found it along the Mediterranean in Spain, Italy, and on the Island of Minorca.

The wheat midge has long been known in England, and was imported thence. It was there originally thought to be a sort of midew, but in 1771 its true nature was discovered, and in 1797 Mr. Kirby, searching for the Hessian fly, found and traced out the habits of this insect. It was first noticed in our country in Northern Vermont in 1820, but did no great injury until nine years later, when it also began to extend itself over the Northern States, throughout Canada, and as far west as Indiana. There is a parasitic insect, the ichneumon fly, which in Europe checks the spread of the midge, but has not yet been brought over here. There are two ways in which the wheat midge may be destroyed in large numbers, viz: first, by killing the fly itself; and second, by destroying it when but a larva. If infested wheat fields are swept over for several successive evenings with a proper net, myriads may be caught, and a good part of the wheat crop be saved. The larva deposited in the kernels of grain are carried to the barn and resown in spring to fulfill their pernicious mission. Now, if a district is greatly infested the fields should be plowed very deeply in spring, burying crop, worms and all, so as to prevent the re-appearance of the insects; and especially careful should farmers be to destroy the screenings from their threshing machine and flanning mill, or at any rate, feed them to chickens, that the millions of larva of the midge contained in the heap may not be restored to the fields. They have a wonderful tenacity of life, these pests. Dr. Fitch has tried to drown them by keeping them three months under water, but to no avail.

The audience being invited to ask questions on the subject of the lecture, it so happened, availed themselves of the permission. Dr. Fitch, in answer to sundry queries, said that neither sowing flax on wheat when the dew was on, nor sowing salt, nor using sulphur or salt in the granary, nor tobacco water sprinkled on the field, were specifics. If New York loses fifteen millions of dollars a year from the wheat midge, why wouldn't it be a good investment to send Dr. Fitch to Europe to procure the great foe of the midge, the ichneumon fly? This latter insect sweeps the other from the very face of the earth; and a half bushel of its eggs, hatched on Dr. Fitch's place, would be worth its weight in diamonds "of purest ray serene."

## TO THE MILITARY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

A Military Convention will be held in the town of Goldsboro, on Wednesday, 11th of July 1860. All the Volunteer Companies of the State are expected to send delegates in full dress uniform.

W. L. DeROSSET,  
E. D. HALL,  
C. D. MYERS,  
R. A. MACRAE,  
J. H. WRIGHT,  
Committee.

In connection with the above call for the Military Convention, the Committee think it necessary to state that replies have been received from twenty Companies representing eighteen counties. Eighteen of the twenty agree to the arrangements proposed in the circular,—one proposes another time and place, and one proposes another place of meeting. All necessary arrangements for the meeting will be made, and it is expected that all the Railroad Companies will pass delegates for one fare.

The officers of the Militia and of the Military Schools throughout the State are cordially invited to be present.

## BEAT THEM WITH THEIR OWN WEAPONS.

An omnibus proprietor in Chicago, being deprived of his means of subsistence, by the chartering of sundry horse railroad companies, "came it" over his opponents by shortening his axles and lowering the bodies of his stage, and then running them on the rail of the very concerns who had supplanted him in carrying the public; they could not prevent this proceeding, as his rights on the street were as good as their's and they were at length compelled to accede to his terms, purchase his stages, and pay him a good round sum to abandon the enterprise.

## MORMAN REBELS.

The San Francisco Herald says: "The chiefs of the murdering and plundering Pah Utes, who are now ravaging Carson Valley, are baptized elders in the church of Brigham Young and it is altogether likely the arms they carry are from the magazines of that arch traitor and rebel."

Justice is certainly an old fish; she has only a single pair of scales.

## Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

As this is the time for fruit and vegetables, we fill our space with

## Ready Receipts.

**CHERRY AND OTHER FRUIT PUDDINGS.**  
Make a batter with or without eggs, stir the fruit into the batter, and tie in a pudding-bag and boil two hours, and serve with butter and sugar sauce. This is good for any ripe fruit, as they come from the trees or bushes, uncooked and undried.

## APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Put quartered apples into nice paste, tie in flour cloth and boil two hours. Serve with sweet sauce. Pears, plums, peaches, apricots, &c., are fine, done in this way.

## PASTE FOR APPLE DUMPLINGS.

To a pint of sour milk or buttermilk, and half a pint of water, put a small teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little hot water; put wheat flour into a basin, make a hollow in the centre, add a teaspoonful of salt, and put in the buttermilk, &c. Work in the flour until it is a stiff dough. This is light and delicate, far better than pie paste.

## PUDDING SAUCES.

**WINE SAUCE.**—Beat a quarter of a pound of sweet butter to a cream, add, gradually, a quarter of a pound of fine white sugar, and a wineglassful of wine, with half a nutmeg grated; beat it until it is light and white. Mould it in a neat form.

**BRANDY SAUCE** is made as wine sauce, only substituting brandy for wine.

## GREEN-APPLE PIES.

Cut rich tart apples in small pieces, and fill a pie-dish lined with pie crust, one inch deep with the green apple; use a teaspoonful of sugar to a quart of the cut apples, stewed over them, also, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little grated nutmeg, and half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon; cover with paste, having a small slit cut in the centre; and bake according to size.

**GREEN FRUIT PIES** of every description are made as green-apple pies, only being careful to add sugar to each, according to the tartness or sweetness of the fruit.

## RHUBARB PIES.

Rhubarb Pies are made as green-apple pies, but require more sugar, and to be baked for an hour, in a slow oven. The stalks should be peeled and cut into slices a quarter of an inch in thickness.

## Cooking Vegetables.

All vegetables are cooked on the same general principles—put in boiling water, boiled rapidly, and not allowed to stand in the water after they are done.

Most vegetables may be cooked by steaming over boiling water. Many are drier and more meaty steamed than when boiled, and are, therefore, preferred. Steaming is preferable, especially for potatoes.

## POTATOES.

If old they should have a piece of the skin pared off from end to end, and be put in boiling water with a little salt. Young potatoes should have the skins rubbed off and stand in cold water an hour, and then be boiled as old potatoes.

In boiling potatoes cook only those of nearly the same size together, and if you are obliged to use mixed varieties, only use one kind at once, as no two varieties of potatoes will cook in precisely the same time. Always assort sizes and varieties before cooking.

## MUSHROOMS.

The fruit of this plant, when properly cooked, is one of the greatest luxuries of the vegetable garden; but improperly prepared, as it is more than half of the time, few relish it. Cooked according to the following recipe, it will soon be highly relished by nearly all who use it.

Cut the fruit across into slices a third of an inch thick, let them stand in salt and water (quite a strong brine,) six or eight hours. Take them out and fry them in good lard or butter, until they are very soft and brown. Left hard or not browned they are unpleasant.

## MUSHROOMS.

These are ordinarily prepared and served as an oyster stew. They are also broiled, by placing them on a gridiron, the stem up, over a bright fire, and serve with butter, pepper, and salt. The genuine mushroom is a fine article of food, but is apt to be confounded with a poisonous toadstool. The gills of the true mushrooms are of a fine pink or flesh color, and pleasant to the smell, while the toadstool is dark, slimy to the touch, and of offensive smell.

## SWEET POTATOES.

These are baked, baked, or roasted, as the Irish potato. They should be baked in a tight oven with a strong heat.

## PARSNIPS.

They should be boiled until soft, and sliced lengthwise, and fried in butter to a beautiful brown.

## ONIONS.

When boiled they should become very soft; and if the boiling be finished in a little milk they will impart far less flavor to the broth. When eaten raw in vinegar, they should stand in cold water after slicing; they will not be so strong.

## VEGETABLE OYSTERS.

Clean and cut crosswise, a quarter of an inch thick, boil tender, and season as oysters, and serve hot.

## BEETS PICKLED.

Boil tender, peel, and slice, and pour on vinegar. The next day they will be fine.



# Ring On.

BY ISA CLAYTON.

Ring on, sweet Sabbath bells,  
Sweet city bells, sweet country bells,  
Sweet morning bells, sweet evening bells  
Ring on!

Send forth thy wild notes,  
Out on the pure, still air,  
To call the rich, the poor alike  
Unto the house of prayer.  
Ring on!

It may be that some erring one,  
Who long has trod the paths of sin,  
Whose soul is nearly wrecked and lost,  
Will heed thy call to prayer again.  
Ring on!

Oh sweet Sabbath bells ring on,  
Sweet city bells, sweet country bells,  
Sweet morning bells, sweet evening bells,  
Ring on!

## To the West.

BY CLARE.

My heart is weary, my brow throbs with pain,  
And all the world is dark to me again.  
As the fearful night, mother, when you left—  
And I felt that I was sorely bereft.

O world! thou art dark! dark as a shadow's long pall,  
When darkly gathering gloom is coming over all.  
I know thou art good, "O Merciful One!"  
And thou art ever near when friends are gone—  
Look upon me and bless "O Thou Most High,"  
That I may know a friend is ever nigh—  
Thou canst not pity and Thy love is shown:  
Of earth's world, O may we live to Thee alone.

In the shadow of Thy wing may I rest—  
Hoping a brighter reward when Thou wilt best,  
Through this gloom let my heart be purified,  
Knowing the good is best which hath been tried.  
O mother! if keen anguish doth come to my heart,  
I look to the home on high where we'll never part.

From angel lips in that pure and best time,  
Come holy songs and there is endless rhyme—  
"O son who hast all imperfections,"  
Thou knowest the heart that's right,  
In the brief life teach my "unfledged soul" that love  
Which helps us along to the paradise above.

## HELENA GRAHAM.

### A LOVE STORY.

BY M. GENEVIEVE.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### The Ball—Old Friends.

"Gaily sounds the cymbal,  
Beating time to bounding feet,  
When after day's light's golden set,  
Maids and youths by moonlight meet."

MOORE.

When Edwin left his native city, he had not made up his mind whether he would remain in France, or travel still farther, but one day, during the voyage, he was passing away the time in reading some old letters, which he had found in a private drawer, belonging to his father. They were dated from Paris, and all signed "Your sincere friend, William Ingram." Then Edwin remembered having heard his father speak of Dr. Ingram, that they were school-boys together, and he had corresponded with each other, although years had elapsed since they parted.

So Edwin decided to go to Paris, and if the doctor was still there, to find him out; and it so happened that he had very little trouble in doing so, for almost the first person of whom he inquired, gave him the doctor's address.

He found him at home, and was most cordially received, not only by the doctor, but also by his family, which consisted of Mrs. Ingram, a pleasant looking, elderly lady, their son George who was about Edwin's age, and their daughter Emma who had just made her debut in society.

Edwin soon became attached to this agreeable family, so it was decided that he was to practice on Mr. Ingram for a couple of years, which arrangement pleased the old doctor very much, for he had a great deal of practice. He had hoped that his son would follow his profession, and be some help to him, but in this he was disappointed, for George took a fancy to be a lawyer, and no hint could alter his mind.

Thus a year passed away, and Edwin, though only twenty-one, was fast gaining a reputation for his skill. He was beloved by all for his kindness and gentleness, but he was never very gay; he sometimes attended balls and dances, but it was more to please George and Emma than for any pleasure he found at such places.

One evening as Edwin was engaged in writing, George entered the room, exclaiming, "Good news, Edwin, we are invited to attend Madame B—'s ball, there," and he threw down the tickets of invitation. "I'm so glad," he continued, "I declare I have scarcely slept a wink for three nights, I was so afraid she would forget us."

Edwin smiled, as he replied, "I think your loss of sleep is all in your imagination, but why are you so anxious to attend this ball?"

"Why, have you not heard that a great American belle is to be there, a Miss—Miss—I forget her name, but they say she is a hand-some; you will go of course, Edwin? I wish I could think of her name, perhaps you have seen her before?"

Edwin sighed as he replied, "I was acquainted with very few belles, but from what part of America is she from?"

"From Philadelphia; there is a whole party of them, suppose you should know them, I declare I envy you, for I'm afraid I'll not be able to get an introduction."

"You are an enthusiast, George, but when does this affair come off?"

"Next Wednesday, and I must go now and give Emma her ticket," and the light-hearted George, left the room.

"What if it should be her," murmured Edwin; "but no it cannot be I will not think of it."

But he did think of it, and was almost as impatient as George for the evening to come.

Madame B—'s rooms were brilliantly illuminated, gaily dressed ladies, and mustached gentlemen, were promenading or standing in groups, all eager for the dancing to commence. Edwin and George stood engaged in conversation, when suddenly the hum of voices ceased, and every eye was turned towards the entrance. "It is the Americans," was whispered as a party entered and proceeded to pay their respects to Madame B—.

"Is she not queenlike?" exclaimed George, turning to where Edwin had been standing, but who was then no where to be seen.

"Why where can he have gone to, what a strange fellow he is anyhow," and he sauntered off to join the group which had formed around the strangers, and to try to get an introduction to the party which the reader has already suspected, was no other than Mrs. Graham, Helena and Maggie. Murmurs of "how beautiful," "lovely," was heard through the room; and well might the cousins be called beautiful, with their young faces looking so fresh and fair, in contrast with those around them, covered with rouge and powder.

They were dressed alike in simple white, a few white roses being the only ornaments they wore.

The music commenced, and partners soon claimed the cousins for the dance, and it was almost midnight when George succeeded in gaining an introduction to Maggie, then supper being announced, he had the pleasure of attending her to the supper room.

He was much pleased with her quiet, graceful manner, and he thought he had never before met one, who could, with so much ease, keep up the flow of conversation.

As George suddenly thought of Edwin, he turned to his companion, saying,

"Miss Graham, we have a young American among us, a Philadelphian too, perhaps you are acquainted with him, his name is Edwin Rollins."

"Edwin Rollins?" said Maggie, starting, "is he here?"

"You are then acquainted with him?"

"No, I have never had the pleasure of even seeing him, but I have heard of him before, he is a young physician, I believe?"

"Yes, and a very promising one too, he is practicing with my father, and seems like one of the family."

"In fact, if you see him to night, I wish you would point him out to me, I have a great desire to see him."

"Willingly, but I think he must have left the house; he came with me to night, but disappeared suddenly, and I have not seen him since. He is very melancholy sometimes, in fact, there seems to be always something weighing down his spirits."

Maggie, who was eagerly listening to every word, said,

"Have you never tried to find out the cause of his melancholy?"

"We have, but he becomes reserved whenever the subject is approached; we thought at first it was the death of his father, which caused this sadness, but I think," and George lowered his voice, "that there is a lady in the case, and for this reason I mentioned his name to you, thinking that perhaps you could enlighten me."

Maggie scarcely knew what to say or think. That Helena was the cause of his melancholy she thought probable, but she was determined to find out more about Edwin, before she would commit herself, so she merely replied,

"I wish I could Mr. Ingram, but here comes my uncle and cousin, let me introduce you."

George had scarcely time to return Helena's graceful bow, when Mr. Graham grasped his hand exclaiming,

"Ah George how do you do? but you do not remember me, you were a little shaver, when I saw you last, eh?"

George looked at him with surprise, and was stammering out a reply when he was relieved by Helena who said,

"You were not aware, Mr. Ingram, that your father and mine, are old friends, and have met to night after an absence of seventeen years."

"Yes indeed, seventeen years, a long time, eh, George, I have just seen your sister, she could not stand alone, when I was here before—how time flies."

George replied,

"Although I cannot remember so far back, Mr. Graham, I am exceedingly glad to meet with one of my father's old friends."

"I did not know you, until your father pointed you out, and then I could not get to you," said Mr. Graham, "but the music has commenced, and here comes your partner, Helena."

The whole party moved towards the ball room and George danced several sets with Maggie and Helena, before it broke up which was about two or three o'clock in the morning.

When the cousins went to their room, they sat a long time, talking over the events of the night.

"What a handsome young man, George Ingram is," said Helena.

"Do you think so?" replied Maggie quietly.

"I do, and I also think you have made a lasting impression on his heart, now don't blush so, I really did admire the manner in which you two were conversing in the supper room, it was so old friend-like," said Helena laughing.

"If you could have heard our conversation, cousin, you no doubt would have admired it also."

"Indeed! now cousin suppose you repeat a little of it for my benefit."

"It was about a young physician, who is practicing under Dr. Ingram."

"Ah, an interesting subject, no doubt, what might his name be?"

"He is from Philadelphia—his name is Rollins."

"Oh, cousin Maggie," said Helena, springing up, "are you jesting, or is it really Edwin, you were speaking about?"

"I have not seen him, but from the description, I am sure it is the same, but you will soon have a chance of seeing him, for you know we are all invited to dine at Mr. Ingram's on Friday, and he lives with them—but what is the matter, are you not pleased with the news?" she asked as she saw Helena's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, cousin Maggie, I do not know, I am so foolish to think so much about him, when perhaps he never passes a thought upon me," and she laid her head upon her cousin's shoulder and wept.

"Why, little cousin, this will never do, I expected to see you smile instead of shedding tears—what do you think of Mr. Rollins leaving the ball room, as soon as we entered?"

"I suppose he saw no person there, that he cared about, so he did not think it worth his while to remain."

"Very different from my opinion, cousin dear, but we will not talk any more about it now, in a few days, we will find out—so put away that long face," said Maggie, kissing her cousin affectionately.

"Dear Maggie, you never let me remain long sad," was all the reply that Helena made, and in a few minutes her eyes were closed in sweet slumber.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### The Meeting—The Parting.

"Oh! have I lived to see this once again?  
Breathe the same air? my own my beloved one?"

HELENA.

When Edwin saw Mr. Graham's party enter the ball room, his eyes first rested on Helena, and such a faintness seized him, that unless he got some air, he felt as if he should smother. Leaving the room hastily, he entered a small conservatory filled with flowers, and after walking about for a while, he recovered, but he felt that he could not meet Helena in that crowded room, neither did he wish to leave the house, so he sat there for hours, watching her graceful form, as she moved among the dancers; and twice, as she swept past him, her robe nearly touched him, as he lay concealed among the flowers.

A long time he remained there, watching and envying each person who spoke to Helena, until at last tired and heart-sick, he returned home, and throwing himself on the sofa, he murmured,

"Oh what a hard fate is mine—father, father, thy curse could not be worse than this—but I will be strong, and meet my fate like a man," and starting up, he banished every trace of his late emotion.

When George returned, he was surprised to see Edwin up and reading.

"Why Edwin, where in the name of common sense did you go to, when I turned to speak to you, you were gone; come, give an account of yourself."

"I did not feel well, George, and as I did not wish to alarm you I slipped out quietly."

"I should think you did, but Ed, before you left, did you see her?"

"If you mean Miss Graham, I did."

"Don't you think her beautiful? so queen-like, yet so mild and gentle, but let me tell you, we had a long conversation about you."

"Me?" said Edwin.

"Yes, you, and I want to introduce you, I am sure you would like her."

"I might as well tell you now, George, I have met Miss Graham before."

"Why, she has heard of you, but never saw you."

"Never saw me? oh George did she really say that?"

"She did indeed, but there must be some mistake, I—"

"Are you sure, it was to Miss Graham, you were speaking?"

"She was introduced to me as such."

"Her hair hung in long ringlets did it not?" asked Edwin anxiously.

"Oh you mean the little one, how stupid I am, I was not speaking of her, Edwin, it was of her cousin, she is called Maggie."

"I did not know there were two, I am only acquainted with Helena."

"What a pity you could not stay, Edwin, we had splendid music, I did not know when I ever enjoyed myself so much."

Thus George rattled on, praising Maggie's beauty, relating everything that happened at the ball. But Edwin heeded him not, he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to hear what he was saying, until George, shaking him by the shoulder, said,

"I say, are you not glad?"

"Why I've told you twice, that they are all going to dine here on Friday, then you will see Maggie and Helena too, but I never saw such a fellow in my life, there is no making you enjoy anything," and George walked away half offended.

"Forgive me, George, but you know I have not your disposition, and I have trials you can never understand, bear my odd ways patiently, will you not?"

"I did not mean to speak unkindly, Edwin, but I love you as a brother, and I cannot bear to see you always look so sad. I had hoped

that I had found some thing to lessen your gloom, but it seems to have increased it, however I will not seek to penetrate your secret."

"You are very kind George," was all the reply that Edwin made, and the two young men retired in silence, to rest.

On Friday morning, Emma, Edwin and George were loitering about waiting for the visitors to appear, a carriage was at length heard to stop at the door, and Emma who was at the window ran to greet her new friends, and a medley of gay voices was heard as they all entered the parlor.

Edwin, who stood in the shade, was not at first perceived by any but Helena, she saw him the minute she entered the room, and in the impulse of the moment, approached him, and holding out her hand said falteringly,

"You here Edwin—Mr. Rollins?"

"Helena" was all he murmured, as he raised her hand to his lips.

"But I was forgetting Edwin" said Dr. Ingram "he is our other son Mr. Graham—but how is this?—you two already acquainted?" he added as his eyes rested upon Helena and Edwin.

"Is it possible, I see Mr. Rollins?" said Mr. Graham going towards them "this is an unexpected pleasure, indeed" he added as he shook his hand heartily, then turning to Mrs. Ingram and the doctor he said, "as you were not aware of our acquaintance with this young gentleman, you do not know that he once done us a great service."

All expressed curiosity to hear about it, and Mr. Graham without regarding Edwin's look of intreaty, related how he had bravely risked his life to save theirs, and when he had finished, all were loud in their praises of Edwin.

George whispered to Maggie, that "he thought Helena and Edwin ought to be married, as long as he had saved her life."

Very pleasantly the time passed until dinner was announced, and in the cool of the evening, the young people took a stroll in one of the public gardens.

George and Maggie seemed perfectly delighted with each other and soon wandered off to some shady nook, leaving Edwin and Helena to talk over old times, and recall the scenes of their school days. But on the subject of his father's death, and the cause of his leaving America, he was silent.

Helena longed to ask him why he never called to see them, before he left the country, but she was puzzled by his manner, for sometimes he would gaze on her with tenderness, then turning suddenly away, he would remain silent for some time, while a look of agony would pass over his countenance.

At Dr. Ingram's earnest solicitation, for Mr. Graham's party, to make his home their home during their stay in Paris, they were at length induced to accept his invitation, and thus it was impossible for Edwin to avoid being in Helena's company.

If they went to the theatre, outriding, or on an excursion of any kind, it was always Edwin who was Helena's escort. He felt he was doing wrong, in remaining where he was, for in spite of Helena's efforts to disguise her feelings, he could see that she was happy only in his presence; and he was only making her as miserable as himself.

He knew it was his duty to leave her, even should it be the cause of breaking the hearts of both. He thought he could never summon sufficient strength to write her a farewell letter; but to his heated imagination, his father's form was ever present, upbraiding him for his weakness; and not until the letter was finished, did his conscience give him rest.

Then a sort of torpor seemed to steal over him; he felt as if he cared not whether he went, or what became of him; in fact, death—generally so dreaded by the young—would have been to him a welcome visitor.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, George was asleep, and leaving a few lines which would meet his eye in the morning, Edwin softly left the room, taking with him a portmanteau filled with clothes; stopping at Helena's door, he pushed the letter under it, and murmuring a prayer for her happiness, he left the house, not to return until he should hear of Mr. Graham's departure.

Helena, who was perhaps, at that moment, dreaming of him, little knew the trouble awaiting her; she had indeed, a few hours previous, remarked to her cousin, "That she felt depressed, as if she was going to hear disagreeable news."

To which Maggie replied,

"Nonsense, cousin, you must not encourage such feelings; you have been very happy late ly."

"Not as happy as you think, dear cousin, I feel as though a dark shadow was ever hanging over me, but to-night it seems lower and darker than ever—but I will take your advice, and try to drive such thoughts away," and Helena tried to appear gay, laughing and teasing her cousin, until slumber closed their eyes.

In the morning, the maid, seeing a letter lying on the floor, picked it up, and placed it on a small table near the bed, so that when Helena was awakened, she immediately perceived it, and snatching it up, exclaimed,

"Why, who can this be from, oh, cousin, something tells me, my presentiment is about to be realized," tremblingly she broke the seal and read the contents, and with a low cry sank fainting on the bed.

Maggie who had been watching Helena's countenance, became really alarmed, but thinking it best not to call any person to her assistance, she proceeded to bathe her cousin's head until she recovered.

With a heavy sigh Helena opened her eyes, and whispered,

"Cousin Maggie, was it a horrid dream? or—oh, it is too real," she cried as she felt the letter crumpled up in her hand.

"Maggie read that," and she sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

"I am glad to see you weeping, dear cousin, it will relieve you," said Maggie, as she took the letter and read as follows:

"My dear Helena: It is with an aching heart, that I sit down to pen these few lines; you can never know the anguish which they have caused me. Years ago we met, and I dared to love you, I say dared, because you were rich, and I believed that I was poor—and you Helena, how your smiles cheered me on, how I toiled and studied, thinking I would one day become a great man, one worthy of your love. But—the time came, when I wished that we had never met: Helena, pity me, and pardon a father's weakness, while you read. My father thought himself deeply wronged (your father has since explained all to me—would-to-heaven, the explanation had been made to my father, how much misery and sin would have been prevented) his hatred was unquenchable. Discovering my love for you, he, as a means of revenge, on his dying bed, bade me swear I would never think of you more—because you were the daughter of his enemy—oh, Helena, a father's dying curse is terrible—I took the oath, and have been wretched ever since.

Only justice to yourself, compels me to expose a father's faults, they should remain forever buried in my breast.

I left my native land—need I tell you, how hard I tried to forget you—how useless the task; yet I was fulfilling my father's command to the best of my ability. But as fate would have it, we again met: I cannot tell which I suffered most from, joy or sorrow; had I done my duty, I would have let you know all then, but you seemed so happy, I still lingered, fearing to break the spell that bound us; but it is over, I have only to bid you, farewell. Try to forget one so unfortunate as I am, for oh Helena, let me not think you will be unhappy, it would be but adding to my misery. I would not trust myself to see you again, so when you read this I will be out of Paris. Once more beloved Helena, farewell—Forever—your unhappy lover,

EDWIN ROLLINS."

"This is a heavy blow, my dear cousin," said Maggie as she handed back the letter, and putting her arm around Helena, she added, "May God give you strength to bear it."

"Oh Maggie, Maggie I am so wretched, how can I bear it, oh, what shall I do?"

"Helena dear, let us first kneel down, and ask His help."

"You are right, cousin, why did I not think of that myself?"

Then kneeling, they prayed for strength to bear patiently the trials of this life, and to do His will in all things.

Long they prayed thus, and when they rose up, Helena, though pale and tearful, felt comforted.

When she appeared at the breakfast table, and saw the vacant seat, she could scarcely keep the tears from flowing, but a look from Maggie checked them.

Just at this moment George said,

"Miss Helena, what do you think, Edwin has disappeared without even letting us know where he has gone to, can you throw any light on the subject?"

With a steady voice, but without raising her eyes, she replied,

"I did not know anything about it until this morning; what time did he leave here?"

"I don't know even that. I found a few lines, this morning, that he had written, stating that he had left Paris, last night, when it was too late to see any of the family, and that he could not say how soon he would be back. I cannot imagine why he left so suddenly, but he always did not differ from anybody else; all we can do is—to enjoy ourselves as well as we can, without him."

If George suspected that Helena was the cause of Edwin's leaving, he did not let it be known. Mrs. Ingram and the doctor said very little, they were evidently annoyed at the manner in which Edwin had acted, but the subject was dropped, and his name was seldom mentioned, except by Helena and Maggie, when they were alone.

Mr. Graham's sister, who, with her husband, had been spending a few weeks in a town a few miles from Paris, now returned, and it was decided that in another week, they would all sail for America.

Helena heard this news with joy, for she no longer found any pleasure in Paris, since Edwin was not of their party, and she longed for the quiet of their own home. One evening, complaining of a headache, she retired to her room earlier than usual, but it was not to rest, for when Maggie entered some three hours later, Helena was still up.

"Why, Helena, I expected to find you fast asleep," said Maggie.

"No, cousin, I had a headache, it is true, but it was to accomplish, what I have been thinking of for some time, that I wished to be alone."

"You have been writing, I see."

"Yes, Maggie, I have been reading his letter, and have written one in reply to it. Edwin is unhappy, and I am the cause of it; do you think, dear cousin, I do wrong in trying to comfort him, when perhaps we will never meet again?"

"Dear Helena, I cannot blame you, but do you not think it would be best to show both letters to your father?"

"I cannot do that cousin, for to show him Edwin's letter, would only cause him pain. He already regrets enough, the feeling which ex-











